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**"DOUSING" RODS.**

Art of Divination in the Bowels of the Earth Explained.  
There is undoubtedly a practical art of discovering springs. Indians or frontiersmen can find water in the desert when a "tenderfoot" cannot. Mexicans and experienced prospectors can similarly find ore. These arts consist mainly in the recognition of superficial signs which escape the ordinary observer.  
It is not necessary that the operator should consciously note these signs separately and reason upon them. No doubt he frequently does so, though he may not give away the secret of his method to others. But in many instances he recognizes by association and memory the presence of a group of indications, great or small, which he has repeatedly found to attend springs or ore deposits. This skill, due to habit, is often almost unerring for a given limited district, but under new conditions it breaks down. Old miners from California or "Australia" have often made in other regions the most foolish and hopeless attempts to find gold because they thought this or that place "looked just like" some other place in which they had been successful.  
Apart from the magnetic minerals there is no proof that ore deposits exhibit their presence and nature by any attraction or other active force. With regard to water, however, there may be an action affecting the temperature and moisture of the overlying surface. Even here, however, it seems more likely that such effects are manifested visibly to a close observer rather than by direct affection of his nervous or muscular system. The favorite fields for water diviners are regions in which water is abundant, but not gathered upon horizons of impermeable strata underlying porous rocks.—Cassier's Magazine.

**ONE CAUSE OF ILLNESS.**

Ridiculous Fads That Spring From a Smattering of Knowledge.  
A famous physician upon being asked recently what is the chief cause of ill health replied: Thinking and talking about it all the time. This ceaseless introspection in which so many of the rising generation of nervous folk indulge is certainly wearing them out. When they are not worrying as to whether they sleep too much or too little they are fretting over the amount of food they take or the quantity of exercise necessary for health. In short, they never give themselves a moment's peace. Our grandfathers did not concern themselves with these questions. They ate, drank, slept, as nature prompted them. Undoubtedly they were healthier in mind and body for their sublime indifference, and if we asked ourselves fewer questions we should have less time to analyze or imagine ailments.  
That medical science has made remarkable progress in the last few decades cannot be denied. The fault for some present-day undesirable conditions lies not with the doctor, but with the patient. There has been too great a tendency on the part of the laity to acquire a smattering of medical knowledge through the reading of so called "health" magazines and pamphlets and to put into practice on their own account that "little knowledge," which, it cannot be denied, is a "dangerous thing." The following of some most ridiculous fads along the lines of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise has assisted in swelling the mortality statistics. Our grandfathers would hold up their hands in horror at many of the foolish things we do in the name of "health." A little more of the comfortable nonchalance of our healthy ancestors would do no harm to the rising generation.—Housekeeper.

**Starting a Row.**  
Grace—They tell me she's not a bit pretty. What does she look like, anyhow? Gladys—Well, my dear, she resembles you as well as anybody I know.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Cruel Fate's Favors.**  
The Poet—My mail contains nothing but rejected manuscripts! His Wife—And mine nothing but invitations to millinery openings!—Brooklyn Life.

**On and Off.**  
Knobs—They say poverty egged him on to the stage. Snobs—Yes, and the gallery egged him off.—Princeton Tiger.

**The One Letter**  
By CHANNING POLLOCK  
Copyright, 1904, by Channing Pollock

After they had come to an understanding Frank Claxton took Virginia Carter to dinner at Giovan's. This understanding, the result of many misunderstandings, put an end to their engagement, and they chose to hold the wake over their dead love at the tiny restaurant where it had been born. Neither talked much during the meal, and when either spoke, for some reason not easily explained, it was in a very low tone. The map said, "I suppose I had better return your letters?" "There must be a great many of them," responded the girl, the corners of her mouth trembling into a faint smile. "Yes, in—In three years!" "I shall send yours tomorrow—that is, I shall send all but one. I should like to keep one—in memoriam. May I?" "If I like," said the girl.

"Certainly. 'A fair exchange,' you know."

Claxton left her at the door of her apartment something less than an hour later. On the way to his home he marveled that he should regret what had happened so little. The petty quarrels of the past few months had worn out his endurance, he thought, and rendered him indifferent to their culmination. He wondered how she felt about it. At all events, the separation would leave him with more time—more time to work, more time to devote to the friends he had neglected since he had begun caring for her.

In the matter of the quarrels he did not consider himself blameless. He realized this, and admired himself a bit for the inherent generosity which prevented his holding her solely to account.

Claxton reached his "place" in rather a relieved frame of mind. He opened the door with a key fastened to a silver ring that she had given him on his birthday and walked straight across the library to his typewriter. Beside the machine was a tiny cushion she had made for him to rest his elbow upon when he was "reading copy." He recalled that it had come wrapped in numberless pieces of paper, each one inclosed inside the other, like the eggs in a Chinese puzzle. That was about the time that the interest aroused by his tale of Central American life had opened the hearts of editors toward him.

Somehow the detective story he had intended to begin did not fly from his finger tips as speedily as he had expected. The first paragraph, after writing which, he told himself, things would go better, stood alone on the page, a succession of stilted and uninviting sentences.

"Not in the mood," he confessed at last and strolled down Broadway to his club. The boy at the door didn't know him, and when, after satisfying the stupid fellow of his membership, he sauntered into the lounging room he was in an exceedingly unpleasant humor. "Parsons been here this evening?" he inquired brusquely of an attendant.

"No, sir," replied the man. "He does not come very often now, sir. Married, I believe."

Claxton crossed Parsons from the bottom of his soul.

"Graham?" he asked.

"Mr. Graham was in about a week ago. We don't see him more than once a fortnight."

"Funny," mused Claxton. "By George, I wonder if there's any one in the place?"

There was, in the writing room—Frederick Ford Ferguson, a youth just coaxed a timorous mustache into existence and tolerated only for the sake of his father, Major Ferguson, formerly of the Ninth Infantry. Claxton would gladly have passed the youngster by, but he was halted before he could begin the hall.

"Stop a bit, old chap. I want to read you a line I'm sending to a friend of mine at Daly's. Rather a clever letter, you know."

Claxton tore himself away and went back home. What was Miss Carter doing? He would have wagered a hundred that Phelps had called and taken her out. Confound Phelps!

The story went more smoothly, stimulated by the resentful energy of its author. From 10 o'clock until nearly daylight the typewriter clicked incessantly. When it stopped clicking, seven pages of manuscript, much marked by pencil marks, lay on the table near at hand. It was a good story, he felt sure, although there were two or three details concerning which he would have liked a conservative opinion. "I'll take Virginia out for luncheon and read it to her," he thought. Then he remembered that they had agreed never to see each other again—voluntarily, that is.

The day, which began with his rising at noon, dragged along monotonously. It was hard to realize that he might not speak to her over the telephone that stood on his desk and harder still to be convinced that she would not call him up. Toward midafternoon Claxton unlocked a drawer and took out the nine packages of her letters that represented a correspondence of three years. He must choose the one letter and return the rest to her.

To do this he must read every epistle in the nine bundles. Claxton, in common with most men who write or net, was a sentimentalist, and he was not sure that the one letter should be the dearest of all. The first that met his eye he laid aside in the belief that it would prove the dearest. Miss Carter had penned it when he lay ill of fever

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**Tommy Had Help.**  
"Tommy," I've talked to you until I'm hoarse!"  
"Don't blame me for all of it, mamma. You know you talked a lot to papa before he left this morning!"—Yonkers Statesman.

at San Jose de Guatemala. "Your eagle was repeated to me at Chicago," was the message. "Otherwise I should have been with you now. I know that if your illness continued you would need a nurse, and I felt that I could not delegate to strangers the privilege of attending you." It was a womanly letter—the letter of a woman's heart in heart and brain—and Claxton pondered a long while before putting it aside.

Next came a telegram, sent to his apartments before the telephone had been installed: "Please come tonight. Am blue. Have wired Minnie stay home." A very sweet, dependent little message, but of course not to be thought of as the single memento of so close a friendship as theirs had been. It was even preferable to retain the short note which he had always ascribed to her literary genius rather than to her feelings. "Each thought of you, dropping into the waters of my heart, produces ever widening circles of tender recollection."

Then there was an envelope from her, on the back of which he had composed a fragment of verse. It began:

Thou art so dear to me, my love—  
So dear and oh, so necessary!

Claxton remembered that she had prized the poem above anything else he had given her. "It is so fine to be thought 'necessary,'" she had said.

In this manner he progressed through five of the nine packages. Each letter seemed more desirable than the rest, and every moment made a selection less easy. This scruple was a reassurance which she had penciled on the leaf of her programme at the theater; that sheet of blue paper bore the first words of affection he had ever received from her.

At the bottom of the fifth bundle was a long envelope with the name of a publishing company on its upper left hand corner. The postmark was over two years old. "Rejected manuscript," Claxton concluded, tossing it to one side contemptuously. That had come back in the days when rejected manuscripts had not been half so rare as good dinners or money with which to pay rent. Something approaching curiosity made him pick up the envelope again and draw the contents from its mouth. The story that lay before him was headed, "From Frank Claxton, 21 West Twenty-first Street, but the type unmistakably belonged to the machine which still remained a fixture at Miss Carter's. The tale was one that she had sent over his signature to an editor of whose opinion she had felt certain, and it had in consequence been returned to him when that gentleman had classed it as "unavailable." "I thought you'd get a check," Virginia had confessed, "and I knew you'd spend it without considering whys and wherefores. It's just like Phelps! He was enthusiastic over the plot when I told it to him last week."

"Virginia," he had remonstrated, "it was like offering me charity."

"Nonsense! I shouldn't have thought of handing you money. I simply wrote a story for you that you might have written yourself if you had taken time."

"Taken time! Good Lord, how much time he had taken that year in just such discouraging, unremunerative labor! How unhappy he had been and how awfully, awfully hard up! He hadn't begun spending every evening with her then, and he hadn't begun selling whatever he wrote either. "No body ever did—at first," she had assured him.

For twenty minutes Claxton sat silently on his chair island in the middle of a sea of letters. His fingers clung to the rejected manuscript, but his eyes looked beyond it into the past. All the half forgotten history of his love for Virginia Carter had been recalled to him with wonderful vividness—her unvarying goodness, the sweetness of their intercourse, the erstwhile strength of his affection for her. A ship's clock in the adjoining room struck 2, the nautical fashion of saying that the hour was 5, and with quick resolution he began climbing into his evening clothes.

"I've come to take you to dinner," he said to Miss Carter when she responded to his pressure on the button at her door.

"So you were lonely, too?" she asked him.

"Lonely? By George, and those letters!"

She was too clever a girl not to seem surprised, and he could not look through the sides of her trunk into the tray where reposed several packages of his letters to her, unsearched, untouched, since first they had been read and laid away.

**Blue Jays.**  
Blue jays never go south, but stay north during the coldest winters. It is said they live to be a hundred years old. Very few people have ever seen their nests or young. They can sing a dozen different tunes. I never kill them, for they once saved my life. I had been lost in the woods for two days. Night was coming, and it began to snow. I built a bough camp, and while cutting wood cut a hollow stub. When I split it open I found four blue jays and about a bushel of bread and meat. I built a fire and ate about a peck of the provisions. The jays did not go away, but came up to the fire and appeared to enjoy the heat. My feet were cold, and I commenced to dance to warm them. Then the birds sang the prettiest jig tune I ever heard. The storm lasted twenty-four hours. When it was over I climbed a tall pine, but I came down mad as a wet hen. I had discovered the lumber camp about fifteen rods distant.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

**The Chaplain's Cleverness**  
By C. B. Lewis  
Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis

One day at the Third National bank, in the city of Cornopolis, a stranger walked through the president's room and past the bookkeeper's and took from the pile of money stacked at the paying teller's right hand four packages of \$10.00 each. He was coolly walking out again when stopped by the president and a gun.

The man was known to the police as "Slick Charlie," and to tell of all his adventures would fill a book. It was for his attempted theft of the \$40,000 that he was sent to the Woonson penitentiary for five years. The officer who delivered him behind the doors of that institution said to the warden:

"Here is a man you want to keep an eye on. Don't lose sight of him day or night. He is bold and nervous on the one hand and slick and sly on the other. Don't trust him for an hour, or he'll beat the game."

The warden was a new man at the prison; but, having been sheriff of a county, he thought he knew about all sorts of criminals and replied that No. 870, as "Slick Charlie" was recorded, would have to get up early in the morning to beat him.

If a prison chaplain were to be questioned about religion in a prison he would answer that scores of prisoners lived up to it and were earnest and devout. If an experienced warden were to be questioned, he would answer that just when a prisoner began to "get good" he should be watched the closest. The chaplain at Woonson was a good man and one who had faith in himself. He thought his advice and appeals to burglars and murderers produced the desired effect. Among the prisoners he was known as an easy mark.

The new warden was wary of antagonizing the captain and a man not well posted on the tricks of criminals, so No. 870 found things easy for him when he entered prison. When he had full opportunity to size up the chaplain he began to "get good." He was as earnest about this as he had been in appropriating other people's goods. He became contrite and humble, and he wanted to be turned from paths of wickedness. Of course the chaplain did his best. When the police officials heard that "Slick Charlie" had been converted they notified the warden in writing that he would be



HE WAS COOLLY WALKING OUT AGAIN WHEN STOPPED BY THE PRESIDENT.

out of the "pen" within three months, and the chaplain sent an official complaint to the governor that the police were trying to discredit his labors.

The chaplain was a man forty-five years old, while No. 870 was only thirty. The chaplain was four inches taller, had stoop shoulders and shambled as he walked. He also had a peculiar intonation. The slick convict gave up his original idea of digging for liberty to study the chaplain. At the end of five months he was one of the teachers in the evening school. At the end of seven he asked and got liberty to hold a Bible class on Sundays. He wrote and the chaplain delivered a sermon on "Christianity in Prison," which was commented on by hundreds of papers. Up to this time he had been working in the tailor shop. He was now given charge of the prison library, and his plans were as good as carried out.

It was the habit of the chaplain to visit the prison every afternoon from 3 to 5. A part of the time was spent with prisoners in their cells—men who were undergoing light punishment—and a part in the library, and he always left pretty promptly at 5. In going out he passed three guards at locked gates and went through the warden's office and out of the main door. No. 870 had held the position of librarian for three months, and it was midwinter. One afternoon the chaplain had been visiting in the prison and returned to the library at a quarter of 5. As he entered the room he received a blow that knocked him senseless, and when he recovered his wits half an hour had passed and he was tied hand and foot and gagged. It was 6 o'clock before he was released.

In the course of that hour No. 870 had done some wonderful things. After knocking down the chaplain he had stripped off the latter's outer garments and clothed himself in them; then he

had secured his man with ropes and locked the door behind him as he emerged. Shambling down the corridor to the first guard, he had said:

"James, I came away today with only a dime in my pocket. Can you lend me a dollar until tomorrow?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, chaplain." And the money had been handed over.

The same game had been played on the two others, and then the "chaplain" had entered the warden's office. He could have passed right through, as the official was busy, but instead of that he took a chair and waited for ten minutes. When the warden was at liberty he was asked for a loan of \$10, and the "chaplain" reported to him on the welfare of three or four different prisoners before saying good night. Fifteen minutes after leaving the prison the disguised prisoner entered the largest store in the town and borrowed \$20 of the merchant and then disappeared.

When the library door was broken open at 6 o'clock and the real chaplain found there was a great commotion. Three gatekeepers were ready to swear that the clergyman had passed out, taking a dollar from each as he did so. The warden had seen and talked and argued money to the same man. Two guards had also seen him. Here were six prison officials who could swear to a thing, and yet that thing was not a fact. No. 870 had simply imitated the chaplain down to a line—his voice, gait, speech and general look.

At 11 o'clock the next forenoon the president of the Third National bank of Cornopolis was called out of his room for a moment. During his absence a man dressed like one of the clerks in the bank entered the room and bore away a package of bonds of the face value of \$18,000. "Slick Charlie" wanted to be revenged upon the bank, and he wanted money with which to leave the country, and he tarried in the town to get both. The president of the bank is sure of this, because a note left on his desk told him so.

**How Thimbles Are Made.**  
In the making of a thimble there are several operations, the blank passing into the cup and then the rolling on of the band. Then the thimbles, which have assumed a form warranting the name, are carried to the factory proper, and after burishing the more interesting process of knurling is performed. This knurling is the forming of the little indentations which receive the end of the needle and assist in pushing the point through the fabric. Placing the cup in a lathe, the operator with a suitable tool knurls the end of the thimble. During this operation a peculiar and by no means unpleasant musical sound is emitted with varying tones. The point of the thimble being reached, a flat knurler finishes the side, and with a sharp edged tool the polished cutting at the sides of the band is performed. Then on another lathe it is placed in a hollow block and the inside burished. All the oil and dirt are then removed, and the thimble is polished and made ready for the market.

**He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—Landon.**

**Consumption**

There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to build on. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on one lung.

From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They can take

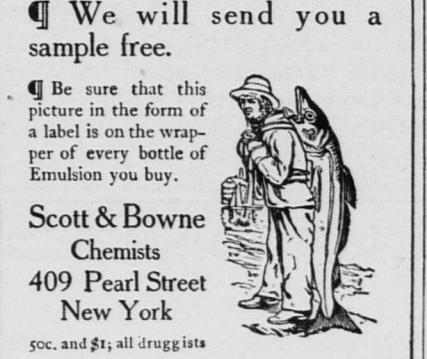
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and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous.

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**DON'T RECOGNIZE DEFEAT.**

**Prove Your Manhood by Battling on Bravely After Reverses.**  
After 12,000 of Napoleon's soldiers had been overwhelmed by the advance of 75,000 Austrian troops he addressed them thus: "I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers." Chief of staff, cause it to be written on their standards, "They are no longer of the army of Italy."

In tears the battered veterans replied: "We have been misrepesented. The soldiers of the enemy were three to one. Try us once more. Place us in the post of danger and see if we do not belong to the army of Italy." In the next battle they were placed in the van, and they made good their pledge by rolling back the great Austrian army.

He is a pretty poor sort of man who loses courage and fears to face the world just because he has made a mistake or a slip somewhere, because his business has failed, because his property has been swept away by some general disaster or because of other trouble impossible for him to avert.

This is the test of your manhood, how much is there left in you after you have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down now, throw up your hands and acknowledge your self worsted there is not much in you. But if with heart undaunted and face turned forward you refuse to give up or to lose faith in yourself, if you scorn to beat a retreat, you will show that the man left in you is bigger than your loss, greater than your cross and larger than any defeat.

"I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind," said Emerson, "as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions or parties or fortunes, changes never, bates not of heart or hope, but wears out opposition and arrives at its port."

It is men like Ulysses S. Grant, who, whether in the conflict of opposing armies on the battlefield or in the wear and tear of civil strife, fighting against reverses, battling for a competence for his loved ones, even while the hand of death lay chill upon him, "bates no jot of heart or hope," that bring victory from the most forbidding circumstances.

It is men like Napoleon, who refuse to recognize defeat, who declare that "impossible" is not in their vocabulary, that accomplish things.—Success.

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**

It is well to take time in thinking before making accusations.  
A woman who can use her eyes with effect is a dangerous rival.  
Women take fright easily over a lover's compliments to another of the fair sex.  
There is a species of treason in carrying water on both shoulders in a love affair.  
In every man there is a disposition to do the grand where women are concerned.  
It hurts a woman's pride to have another woman share with her a man's attention.  
When one man sneers at another it is fair to presume jealousy is at the bottom of it.  
When a man regards himself as irresistible it is time to do some quiet thinking and self abnegation.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Correggio and His Life.**  
Little is known of Correggio, which would argue that he was of a retiring disposition. He was born in the little town of Correggio, twenty-four miles from Parma. In the latter city he was educated, but in his seventeenth year an outbreak of the plague drove his family to Mantua. By 1514 he was back in Parma. For some years he worked there and painted some of his famous pictures. It may have been because of grief over the death of his young wife, but at the age of thirty-six, indifferent to fame and fortune, he retired to the little town where he was born. All that is known regarding his death is the date, March 5, 1534.—Charles H. Caffin in St. Nicholas.

**Play Games.**  
Games help to form character to a wonderful extent, and I do not know any means by which you can so quickly arrive at an estimate of human character, of individuality, of personality, as you can by watching people at games or engaged in any sport that calls for endurance, patience, celerity of mind and body. The school with a good record for games is almost always in the front rank of scholarship.—Dr. Warre.

**Former Experience Painful.**  
The young woman had just said no. "Have you ever been rejected before, Mr. Huddleston?" she asked sympathizingly and almost tenderly.  
"Once," he said, a spasm of pain contorting his features at the recollection, "by a life insurance company. I tell you it hurt—that time."—Chicago Tribune.

**Help Others.**  
Help others and bless yourself. Drive the cloud from the brow of a friend in distress, and you open the windows for an effulgence of light upon your own heart.—Detroit Free Press.

**His Experience.**  
His Friend—Money talks. The Promoter—Yes, but sometimes it's mighty hard to get it to listen.—New York Press.

To tell a man with a cold in his head that colds always attack the weakest spot is adding insult to injury.

**A Matter of Gender.**  
The English language is supposed to be the very simple in the matter of genders, but foreigners who triumphantly handle questions of gender in many of their own languages often have their difficulties with the English. A Frenchman recently came to grief over his English. "I fear I cockroach too much upon your time, madame," he remarked politely to his hostess. "En-croch, monsieur," she smilingly corrected him. He threw up his hands in despair. "Ah, your English genders!" he sighed.

**TWENTY YEARS' SLEEP.**

**Rip Van Winkle's Case May Have Been More Fact Than Fiction.**  
Even superficial students of folklore know that the tale of Rip Van Winkle, supposing that Irving really heard it in the old Dutch settlements along the Hudson, is by no means peculiar to that district, but is found in some form or other all over the world. In other words, the idea that it is possible for a human being to survive in a state of unconsciousness for a very long time would seem to be either a universal fancy or to be founded on some actual experience.

Dr. Lancereux in the Paris Bulletin of the Academy of Medicine reports such an experience, the case of a woman who actually did, so far as intelligent consciousness was concerned, sleep almost exactly twenty years.

The patient, of a neurotic and hysterical family, had always been delicate and nervous. On May 31, 1883, she was severely frightened and fell into violent hysteria, which after twenty-four hours passed into unconsciousness. In this condition, interrupted every month or six weeks by sudden convulsive attacks, she lay until May 23, 1903, kept alive entirely by injections of nourishment.

On May 23 she was seized with hysteria similar to that at the beginning of her sleep, and the next day there was another convulsion. On May 25 she began definitely to recover consciousness and by the next day was able to speak intelligently of events before her sleep and could also remember from day to day since her waking. Of happenings during her sleep, such as the drawing of some of her teeth, she knew nothing. On the evening of May 28 she died peacefully.

The particular case is of interest chiefly to the medical profession, but the general fact of survival in unconsciousness for a very long time shows how such tales as those of the Sleeping Beauty, the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus and Rip Van Winkle, to mention only the most familiar examples, could have originated from actual experience and observation. Very likely such cases occurred more than once.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," runs the old saying. It is undoubtedly more correct to say that fiction is merely enlarged, reduced, distorted and otherwise decorated fact and that without a fact within general knowledge from which to start fiction could not exist. It is entirely safe to conjecture that at some period, in a remote, sleeping not out of doors, of course, but under shelter, and for many weeks and probably months, if not years, there was a Rip Van Winkle—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**The Bill Was Not in the Senate.**  
One of Senator Frye's scintillations as presiding officer, when the Philippine bill was near its passage in the senate, should not be lost to the world. Such measures, till perfected, are considered in committee of the whole, not in the senate, as the term goes. The distinction is of little popular significance, but of great parliamentary importance.

Senator Bacon, wishing to make a certain motion, was informed that the bill was not in the senate, but in committee of the whole.

"Oh, I thought we were in the senate," replied Mr. Bacon.

"We are in the senate," Mr. Frye responded, "but the bill is not."—Washington Post.

**Henry VIII. and Puddings.**  
Bluff King Hal, otherwise Henry VIII. of England, was exceedingly fond of puddings. At one time he gave a certain Mistress Cornwallis a house in Aldgate for herself and her heirs forever "in reward of fine puddings." In King Henry VIII.'s private accounts occur again and again entries of his rewards to different housewives for bringing him puddings. A typical instance runs thus: "Item. The same day paid to the wife that made the king puddings at Hampton court, vis. viij*l*. This would be about \$1.75, but its value was much greater when the entry was made. This love for "fine puddings" explains much in the familiar round figure of King Hal.

**Ambiguous English.**  
"Have you ever tried to explain the various meanings of some of our English verbs to a foreigner?" asked a lady who employs many servants. "My German maid went to the drug store the other day for some headache medicine and returned very much puzzled.  
"The man say, 'Will you take it or shall I send it?' she reported. 'Eef he do not send it, how can I take it?'"

**TAKE WINE OF CARDUI AT HOME**

Are you a sufferer?  
Has your doctor been unsuccessful?  
Wouldn't you prefer to treat yourself—AT HOME?

Nearly 1,500,000 women have bought Wine of Cardui from their druggists and have cured themselves at home, of such troubles as periodical, bearing down and ovarian pain, leucorrhoea, barrenness, nervousness, dizziness, nausea and dependancy, caused by female weakness. These are not easy cases. Wine of Cardui cures when the doctor can't.

Wine of Cardui does not irritate the organs. There is no pain in the treatment. It is a soothing tonic of healing herbs, free from strong and drastic drugs. It is successful because it cures in a natural way.

Wine of Cardui can be bought from your druggist at \$1.00 a bottle and you can begin this treatment today. Will you try it?

In cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, The Ladies' Advertiser, Dept. C, Chattanooga, Tenn.



## THE AMADOR LEDGER

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Amador County Publishing Co.

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One year (in advance).....\$2.50  
One year not in advance.....2.75  
Six months.....1.25  
Three months......75  
One or more copies, each......50

Legal advertising—per sq. in. 1st insertion. \$1.00  
Subsequent insertions—per square each. .50

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT JACKSON AS  
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

R. WEBB Editor and Manager

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. Baker's, 124 Sansome St., San Francisco, California, where contracts for advertising can be made for it.

FRIDAY.....FEBRUARY 24, 1905

## THE SOCIALISTIC DRIFT.

The advocates of socialism belong almost exclusively to the thriftless, improvident class. One of the orators of that propaganda addressing an audience in Jackson recently, divided society into two classes, namely, property-owners and non-property owners. Those who succeeded in accumulating something, and those who failed or neglected so to do. It is human nature the world over for the man who has nothing, whether as the result of his own shiftlessness or of misfortune it matters not, to rail at conditions as they exist, and seek to change the same by a division with the thrifter class. According to the tenets of socialism it is all wrong to own property, whether of land or movable effects, as individuals. All wealth, they claim, is the product of human toil, and should belong to society as a whole, and not to individual members thereof. All distinctions of rich and poor should be abolished. The world owes every man a living, and nothing more. With proper adjustment there is enough for all, and to spare, and the social system should be so managed that every one should be doled out his portion from the common fund. The incentive to action—the desire to accumulate property—which, under the present system is the dominant trait of character, would be done away with. The whole fabric of society would be changed with this disappearance of the ruling motive to make headway in the world, as it is now generally understood. Some will contend that practically this would mean the death blow to ambition. Not so. Ambition is inseparable from human nature. It cannot be throttled by any conceivable change in conditions. Dammed up in one direction, it will manifest itself in another. The substitution of the co-operative system—socialism—for individual ownership, would remove human ambition from the main channel in which it now flows under the present system. It does not follow, however, that men would be ambitious under the altered conditions. Indeed, it is argued that this most potential force in the human make-up would simply be turned to more useful channels. The desire to excel would manifest itself in the arts and sciences, in the sphere of invention, and in fact in every department of human activity.

The purpose of this article is not to discuss the vagaries of socialism, as that vague method of government is generally understood. We are apt to dismiss such doctrines as merely the teachings of discontented and impracticable dreamers. The talk that it is the coming political issue in the United States may be a correct forecast of the future. At any rate it is a long way from being a pressing issue just now. If it ever does reach a position as a living political question, there is little doubt that the intelligence of the American voter will thrust it away in the background. It is undeniable however that a great deal of our law making—or the propositions emanating from the law making bodies—are fashioned after the socialistic pattern. The tendency is to shift the burden of maintenance from the individual to the community at large. The state treasury is looked upon in a great measure as the common fund, to be drawn from those who have acquired something, for the support of those who are needy. Every successive legislature witnesses a drift more or less pronounced in this direction. Perhaps if the framers of these measures were twitted with socialistic leanings they would indignantly repudiate the impeachment. But the fact remains that the burden of law-making is to strike down the spirit of self-reliance and independence in the individual, and place the burden of responsibility upon society or government. The state is, in an ever increasing ratio, placed in a paternal light. It is the state's province to look after the bringing up of the child from infancy to manhood, and to take care of him even after reaching the age of maturity. Numerous instances might be cited in proof of this assertion. Our statesmanship is developing along the lines that everything essential to good citizenship should be free. The more items are placed on the free list, the more efficient the government will become. It is extremely doubtful whether this position is tenable. As a rule, free things are seldom appreciated at their real value. It is when the object sought is reached through struggles and

sacrifices, that success in any particular path is properly appreciated. The spirit of self-reliance should be fostered above everything else. That is the true bulwark of any nation.

This tendency to lean upon the government is seen in the drift of bills in every legislature that convenes. An act recently introduced providing for free text books in the schools is a case in point. And the discussion thereon serves to accentuate the tendency. One legislator said as a reason for passing the bill, that he knew of children that were kept from school because of inability of the parents to buy the school books. This play to the galleries was no doubt considered a bulls-eye hit—a clinching argument. He might have added that children were kept out of school from want of footwear and other articles of clothing, and argued that a bill should be passed to furnish free clothing for all to meet such isolated cases. It would be every whit as reasonable as to provide free text books for all, simply because one per cent perhaps are unable to buy for themselves.

The attaché nuisance—taking money from the public treasury to pay political debts—is in the same line of business. Also the idea that pervades more or less every part of the state, that incites members to quarter public buildings and institutions within the boundaries of their respective districts. It is nothing less than a clear-cut reversal of the relationship of citizens to the government—namely, that it is the duty of the citizen to support the government, and not the duty of the government to support the citizen. The latter is the socialistic doctrine, if not in words, at least in spirit. It has developed so alarmingly, that ordinary methods of providing revenue are voted totally inadequate, and new-fangled schemes are suggested to meet the growing evil. No matter what gold-mines in the shape of new tax projects are opened up, the tendency herein referred to will grow in an ever-increasing ratio so long as it is fostered and encouraged by legislative action. Expansion will never stifle it; the breaking-point must be faced sooner or later.

## THE RAILROAD CHANGE OF FRONT.

The sudden change in the railroad situation so far as the towns of Jackson and Sutter Creek are concerned, has been the absorbing topic of conversation for the past week. The consensus of opinion is that if the railroad is pushed to its original destination point near Martell's station this spring, it will remain there for some time at least. How will this affect the two towns—Jackson and Sutter Creek—that lie equidistant north and south of the proposed terminus? The intimation has been given out that Jackson can secure the extension of the road to any suitable depot site within its limits by paying tribute to the company for the same. The demand of \$20,000 in cash, and land—over eleven acres for depot site and the right of way the entire distance from Jackson to Oneida, taking a strip of 50 feet on either side of the track—is equal to a grant of at least \$30,000. This ultimatum is all the more remarkable when it is considered that from the outset it has been held out by the promoters that the people of Amador county would not be asked to contribute one cent, outside of a convenient depot site in the towns. Coming on the heels of this declaration the demand of a large bonus for bringing the railroad into town, with the implied threat therein contained that if the money was not forthcoming the terminus would be permanently located over two miles away, has naturally kindled a feeling of bitterness among the citizens. We know not what the people of Sutter Creek think of the proposition, but in Jackson—which represents the major part of the traffic upon which the railroad must depend for its financial success—the hostility is outspoken. A policy of enforced contribution riles up the pugnacity of human nature. It is much easier to awaken antagonism than to appease it afterward. It is therefore regrettable that the railroad authorities have taken this step.

Adolph Weber, the Auburn moral monstrosity, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree, without recommendation, for the murder of his mother in November last. He was accused of killing all the members of his family, father, mother, brother and sister, setting fire to the home in the hope of destroying the evidence of his crime. His demeanor since his arrest and during his trial has been phenomenal in its utter lack of feeling or realization of the enormity of the tragedy. The verdict carries the death penalty, and was reached after 21 hours deliberation. While the trial was one of the most remarkable cases of circumstantial evidence on record, the outcome is universally regarded as a just judgment.

**CASTORIA.** The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. DeWitt*

Ledger and Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean, both papers for one year, \$2.50 in advance.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

DeWITT'S  
WITCH HAZEL  
SALVE  
THE ORIGINAL.

## A Well Known Cure for Piles.

Cures obstinate sores, chapped hands, eczema, skin diseases. Makes burns and scalds painless. We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. The best salve that experience can produce or that money can buy.

## Cures Piles Permanently

DeWitt's is the original and only pure and genuine Witch Hazel Salve made. Look for the name DeWITT on every box. All others are counterfeit. PREPARED BY  
E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

---Sold by all Druggists---

The senate committee of investigation into the charges of bribery against the four members, Bunker, Emmons, French and Wright, has found a verdict of guilty as charged and recommends the expulsion of the boddies. Owing to the serious illness of senator Emmons, action on the report has been delayed. That the senate will sustain the report is hardly open to doubt.

## SOMEWHAT RUFFLED.

The editor of the Ledger does not seem to like the idea of a newspaper man asking for a public office, and expresses himself on that strain anent the editor of this paper applying for the position of clerk of the district court of appeal. The Ledger man concludes by saying, "in all seriousness the governor might do much worse than to appoint Mr. Wood to the position for which he is now mentioned." In this we concur, but there is one worse place of humanity whom the governor or anybody else may appoint to be dog catcher or any old thing, and that is the editor of the Ledger. Since the Ledger is the self-official high priest of Amador county politics, we should have asked permission of his magnitude, the great dictator, before proceeding. It is a well known fact and common talk that digestive disorders. L. A. Soper, of Little Rock, Ky., writes us: "We feel that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure deserves all the commendation that can be given it, as it saved the life of our little girl when she was three years old. She is now six and we have kept it for her constantly, but of course she only takes it when anything disagrees with her. Sold by all druggists."

We are pleased to publish the foregoing, giving it the benefit of the Ledger's larger circulation. Our contemporary should be more circumspect in his criticism, and not ruffle his feathers in the wrong direction. The editor of the Ledger has said nothing about the Record man's latest-born aspirations for office. He penned not a syllable of the article referred to, and had no knowledge of it until after it was in print, being absent from the county at the time. The editor of the Ledger is not opposed to newspaper men aspiring for public position per se; but we may as well remark right here, that the Ledger is emphatically opposed to the idea that the mere possession of a newspaper is in itself the all-important recommendation for public position. Furthermore, we may say that as a rule it is the feather-weights of journalism whose aspirations have the chronic officeward drift. The real journalist has a higher opinion of his profession than to degrade it by using his columns to promote his personal ambition. It may also be remarked that the flotsam and jetsam of newspaperdom—those who are but the playthings tossed hither and thither on the surface of the political whirlpool—are afflicted with hungering and thirsting for office, and too often get there.

The flattering opinion of the Record concerning the Ledger is a matter of supreme indifference to us. But "we dissent" from the intimation that in discussing this matter the Ledger "is meddling with other people's affairs." When a man puts himself up for office, whether elective or appointive, he thereby voluntarily places himself on the firing line of criticism, and his fitness or misfitness for the position sought become legitimate subjects of discussion. Moreover, the "we concur" bit of self-laudation seems to us in questionable taste, and while fully recognizing the genial qualities of the aspirant for a clerkship of a district court of the supreme bench, we also willingly "concur" that the "governor might do much worse than to appoint Mr. Wood," at the same time we indulge the hope that after a careful survey of the field of eligible candidates, and animated by a desire to promote public interests, he may possibly be able to do somewhat better.

## Ledger's Clubbing Rates

Ledger and Daily Call, one year	\$ 9 00
Ledger and Weekly Call one year	3 20
Ledger and Daily Chronicle, one year	9 00
Ledger and Weekly Chronicle, one year	3 60
Ledger and New York Tribune Farmer	2 50
Ledger and New York Tri-Weekly Tribune	3 00
Ledger and Weekly Chicago Inter-Ocean	2 50
Ledger and Cosmopolitan Magazine, one year	2 75
Ledger and McCall's Magazine, 1 year, including free pattern	2 50

The above Rates are Strictly in Advance.

## SUPERIOR COURT.

HON. R. C. RUST, JUDGE.

Julius Nikolaus vs. Ben Nicheley et al.—Suit to quiet title to property under a tax deed. Cross complaint withdrawn. Motion to strike out portions of complaint denied. Trial had, and case submitted.

Culbert Company vs. John Tretheway—Demurrer of defendant withdrawn; defendant declines to answer.

N. H. Baughman vs. G. M. Huberty, administrator—Set for trial March 20; jury waived by defendant.

Coleman vs. Ucoovich—Set for trial March 21; jury waived.

Estate of G. A. Douet—Lucile Lintillac and Jean Lintillac examined on citation issued for them to appear and testify in relation to property belonging to estate.

Estate of Jas. Head—Final account allowed, decree of distribution granted, and administratrix discharged.

Guardianship of Annie Kreevinnig—Augusta Kruiwiniz appointed guardian. Bond fixed in sum of \$100.

Estate of Henry Stark—Petition to set aside personal property for benefit of widow granted.

Estate of Luigi Gazzera—Carlo Gioannoni, S. N. D. Spagnoli, and James Meehan appointed appraisers.

Estate of Stefano Oneto—Chas. C. Ginocchio, L. J. Fontenrose, and Wm. Going appointed appraisers.

NEW SUITS.  
Application of Annie Kruiwiniz writ of habeas corpus—Writ issued. Petition alleges that Annie Kruiwiniz is illegally imprisoned and restrained of her liberty by Edward Palentine and Minnie Palentine in San Francisco, who are ordered to have said petitioner in court on February 25, and show cause of said detention. C. P. Vicini attorney for petitioner.

## Give Your Stomach a Rest.

Your food must be properly digested and assimilated to be of any value to you. If your stomach is weak or diseased take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and gives the stomach a rest, enabling it to recuperate, take on new life and grow strong again. Kodol cures sour stomach, gas, bloating, heart palpitation and all digestive disorders. L. A. Soper, of Little Rock, Ky., writes us: "We feel that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure deserves all the commendation that can be given it, as it saved the life of our little girl when she was three years old. She is now six and we have kept it for her constantly, but of course she only takes it when anything disagrees with her. Sold by all druggists."

## DOCUMENTS RECORDED.

[The following instruments have been filed for record in the recorder's office since our last report. We publish a complete list of documents recorded, and must decline to accede to any request to suppress any document from these columns. DRUGGISTS TO DO SO.]

Theresa Botto to South Eureka Mining Co.—Right of way for ditch, \$20.  
Chas. J. Newman to Volcano Gold Mining Co.—Eureka mine, Volcano district, \$10.

Newman Myles to Volcano Gold Mining Co.—Sawyer quartz mine, Sawyer placer, Sunny South quartz mine, Volcano district, \$10.

John A. Keffler to Lorenzo Delucchi et al.—100 acres, 20-7-10, \$10.

M. J. Penry to Wm. M. Penry—Lot 9 block 10, Jackson, \$10.

W. M. Penry to P. L. Cassinelli—Lot 9 block 10, Jackson, \$10, lower story of Dispatch building.

U. S. to Valentine Stacey—24 acres, 10-7-10, patent.

U. S. to Valentine Stacey—40 acres, 10-7-10, patent.

ABSTRACT OF JUDGMENT.  
J. J. Kavanagh vs. Thresa Guisto—Judgment for \$83.25 recorded, secured in justice's office of San Francisco.

SATISFACTION OF MORTGAGE.  
W. K. McKenzie and wife to J. D. Goodman.

Marre to L. N. Martell.  
Marre to F. Ledoux.  
Sawyer to Newman Myles Co.

MORTGAGE.  
P. M. Potter and wife to L. J. Griffith—Land in 26 and 35-8-10, \$350, 2 years, 8 per cent.

AGREEMENT.  
Wm. M. Penry with P. L. Cassinelli—Mutual agreement that if either party desires to sell interest in premises known as Dispatch building, the other party to have the option of purchase at the highest price bid for same; also that party of first part be permitted to maintain support in lower story under printing press, with right to rebuild in case of fire.

By order of the Board of Directors.  
JAS. JAY WRIGHT, Secretary.  
Office in the Mercantile Building, on Summit street, Jackson, Amador county, California.

POSTPONEMENT.  
The date of delinquency of the above assessment is hereby postponed to Monday, the 6th day of March, 1905, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m.

By order of the Board of Directors.  
JAS. J. WRIGHT, Secretary.  
Dated Feb. 6, 1905.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only

## Hair Vigor

hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

It is the only hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

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## SPRING VALLEY.

Mrs. D. N. Clark and Mrs. S. N. Clark went to Sheldon Thursday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Mary Brown. They returned Saturday.

Supt. Geo. A. Gordon visited the school Friday.

Randolph Mann is on the sick list. Mrs. John Brown and daughters, Gertie and Hazel, visited Mrs. Ella Clark Sunday.

Frank Grelich and sister, Miss Sophie, were visitors in the valley this week.

Miss Robinson, who teaches at Slate Creek, is very ill, her school being closed at present.

Jabez Ninnis is making quite a number of improvements on his place.

Willard Colburn came up from San Jose last week to his former home, where he intends to remain for some time.

Frank Vanderpool is building a blacksmith shop on his place. ANONA.

Has Stood the Test 25 Years.

The old, original GROVE'S Tasteless Chill Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure no pay. 50c.

BORN.  
DALO—In Jackson, February 14, 1905, to the wife of J. J. Dalo, a son.

WASHBURN—In Jackson, February 19, 1905, to the wife of J. B. Washburn, a daughter.

DIED.  
GEBHARDT—In Jackson, February 22, 1905, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Gebhardt, aged 5 months.

Watches.

Do you need a watch? It will pay you to look over our

New Stock of Watches

All grades of Waltham, Elgin and Hamilton are offered at bargain prices.

H. A. MINASIAN

—SUTTER CREEK—

Victor Talking Machines are carried in stock.

ASSAYING 50 cts.



## TEMPERATURE AND RAINFALL

This table gives the highest and lowest temperature in Jackson for each day, together with the rainfall, as recorded, by self-registering instruments kept at the Ledger office:

Date.	Temp. L. H.	Rainfall In.	Date.	Temp. L. H.	Rainfall In.
Feb. 1 (05)	51	69.0 30	Feb. 17 '05	48	66.0 35
2	40	58.0 67	18	47	68
3	40	62	19	48	60.0 45
4	39	66	20	44	75.0 33
5	42	62 16	21	40	75
6	37	65	22	39	75
7	38	68	23	38	75
8	31	67	24		
9	32	66	25		
10	38	58	26		
11	38	50	27		
12	35	56	28		
13	38	60	29		
14	38	56	30		
15	40	50 44	31		
16	46	50.0 44			

Total rainfall for season to date . . . 39.15 inches  
To corresponding period last season 22.13

## LOCAL NEWS

PIONEER FLOUR always has been and still is the best.

Raviola and chicken dinner at the Union House next Sunday.

Lemons, oranges, and bananas constantly on hand at Nettles' Mkt.

J. F. Wilson, Dentist, Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Phone Main 404. Jackson, Cal.

Chas. H. Crocker, the attorney, left Sunday morning for Nevada county, to try a case in the superior court. He will return the latter part of the week.

Hot tomatoes at the Union House. Parties will please leave orders before hand.

George Wochler, who has been driving the ice wagon for John Strohm, left for the city by Tuesday's stage, expecting to remain there.

Miss Jennie Postle, trained nurse, residence at Mrs. Anthony's, Hamilton tract, Jackson.

One of Andrew Piccardo's big freight teams capsize Thursday morning in making the trip to Jackson with a load of freight from Ranlett. Fortunately no particular damage was done.

Olives, salami, swiss, Rimbarger Martin's cream and California cheese at Nettles' Mkt.

Chas. H. Moyer, president of the W. F. M., will visit the unions along the mother lode during this month. He will be accompanied by M. W. Moore, member of the executive board from this district.

Miss Hazel Green and Miss Maud Fortner will sell summer vests Saturday at the Jackson Shoe Store.

The grand ball to be given tomorrow night in Love's hall promises to be a swell affair. This ball will be the event of the season, and those who enjoy dancing to first-class music will surely be there when Floor Director Lenin calls for the grand march.

The Ione and Eastern Railroad, it is reported, has rented or leased the barn building of the Mountain Spring house, for the purpose of using it as a depot. It is thought this is but a temporary expedient, until the road is completed.

Big bargains for Saturday; see our ad this week. Jackson Shoe Store.

John Campbell, the well-known timber man of Antelope, is under the doctor's care in Jackson. He has been suffering from a severe attack of jaundice, and is staying at Ruger's boarding house.

Antone Rickert was installed as bookkeeper at Strohm's brewery on Tuesday. He has charge of matters pertaining to the revenue stamps, and will see that everything is conducted in a systematic and thorough manner.

Fresh pickled olives of the season just received; 65c per gallon. Nettles' Market.

Superintendent of Schools Geo. A. Gordon was confined to the house for several days last week, owing to an attack of the gripe. He was able to attend to his office work on Monday. Mrs. Gordon came home the latter part of last week, after spending a few days with relatives in Ione. She is steadily recovering the use of her arm, which was injured in the accident in ascending Mt. Hamilton several months ago.

A. Frantzovich called upon the sheriff's office last Saturday night to investigate a supposed burglary. Some monuments in his establishment were overturned, and other indications that the premises had been invaded. After looking into the affair and finding nothing missing, and no particular damage done, it was concluded that some inebriated fellow wandering around aimlessly was at the bottom of the mischief.

Men's dress shirts at your own price Saturday. Don't miss this big sale. Jackson Shoe Store.

J. Driscoll, an inspector of the post-office department, was in Jackson Tuesday. His mission was to hunt up a matter that occurred three years ago. A parcel of mushrooms was received at the local office about that time from Italy. Such articles are subject to customs duties, and the probability is that it was returned to Washington for non-payment of duties. The postal authorities of Rome have written inquiring about the missing package, and the agent has been sent out to endeavor to trace its history.

Chris Marella took a trip over the new railroad from Ranlett to Ione one day last week, in company with Wilford Dennis. The pair anticipated making the return trip by the same route, and they did, but in a way that was unexpected. It happened that the train from San Francisco was three hours late, and the superintendent of the new road, H. P. Hoey, was expected thereon, to be conveyed to Ranlett the same evening. The delay on the main line disconnected the plans at this end of the connecting road. Marella and Dennis concluded to foot it back, counting the ties of the new road, which would have parted with a \$20 piece. He left the animal in Ione, without money and without price. The brute didn't have sense enough to keep out of way of the train, and got run over and killed. Chris has fully recovered from the walking match home-ward, but he still mourns the loss of his pet dog.

Letters uncalled for at the Jackson postoffice: W. T. Baldwin, Obroon Puich (ed), Frank Wade, Fred Wendt.

Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer Flour makes the best.

Roger F. Friend, a well-known insurance man, who has frequently visited Jackson, died in San Francisco on the 22d instant.

John Trevasi, a miner at the South Eureka, fell 72 feet down the shaft last week, and sustained a severe injury of the knee. Otherwise he was unhurt, save a severe nervous shock.

A. L. Redlick, president of the large mercantile firm of Redlick Bros., came up from Fresno to Jackson on the 21st instant, to look into the branch business here. He left for Fresno yesterday morning.

"Unduly Circumscribed Lives" will be Rev. Winning's theme next Sabbath evening at the Methodist Episcopal church. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Preaching service at 11 a. m. and class meeting at 10 a. m. The pastor and congregation are anxious to welcome strangers and non-church goers to any of these services.

A man named R. Campbell was released from the county jail yesterday morning, having served a sentence for misdemeanor. On the way toward Electra he met a boon companion surnamed Mike. The pair started on a booze at the saloon at Butte City, ending in a fight. Both were landed in the calaboose the same evening.

Sherman T. Williams, a special employee in the United States Internal Revenue service, was in Jackson for several days last week, looking into affairs concerning his department hereabouts. It is Mr. Williams' business to see that parties liable for liquor license, or subject to tax as distillers of spirits, are paying their quota to Uncle Sam.

New summer dress goods just arrived; see our new lines. Jackson Shoe Store.

Wilford Dennis was called to San Francisco last Monday on matters pertaining to the Ione and Eastern railroad. He fully understands the feeling of antagonism of the citizens of Jackson to the proposals of monetary aid, in the shape of either subsidy or subscription to the bonds of the company, and will lay the facts before the managers.

The ladies of the Catholic church will give a dramatic entertainment in Love's hall on the 17th of March for the benefit of the church funds. These annual entertainments are always looked forward to with much interest, and no effort will be spared to make the forthcoming event in keeping with the high-class entertainments of the past. Full particulars will be given hereafter.

Assaying 75 cents. Bullion, amalgam, rich ore, etc., bought in large or small quantities. Prompt returns. Mail or express, 1000 lb. Chlorination, mill and cyanide tests. Pioneer Assaying Co., 157 New Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Amador E. R. & L. Co. have a force of men employed in stringing new and heavier wires on their poles between Sutter Creek and Jackson. Much complaint has been made of late on account of the poor quality of light supplied to Jackson. In some business places the lights have been so dim that it has been found necessary to burn gas as well as the electric light. The trouble is said to be caused by the fact that the wires are too light to carry such a current as is necessary to keep the lights up to standard quality. The business has outgrown the capacity of the wires. To obviate this heavier wires are being put up, so that Jackson will soon be able to have electric lights of standard power.

## Mothers, Be Careful

of the health of your children. Look out for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. Stop them in time—One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy. Harmless and pleasant. Sold by all druggists.

## OLETA.

OLETA, February 21. One would have thought a second deluge was upon us by the flood-gates of the sky opening Sunday afternoon. It was only of short duration.

Several of the townspeople attended the drama given for the benefit of the Catholic church in Plymouth Saturday evening. The play was ably handled by those who took part, especially the two "fire eaters" after the charming "wider."

Miss Nellie Robinson returned to her duties at Slate Creek Sunday.

Miss Winnie Keffer spent a few days at home this week.

G. W. Deltz returned from his trip to San Francisco Friday evening. His wife accompanied him back.

A pleasant entertainment was given under the auspices of the ladies of the W. C. T. U. Friday evening, in memoriam of Frances E. Willard. The program consisted of recitations, reading, music, and remarks by several leading members.

S. K. Thornton left Sunday morning for San Francisco, to attend to the company's interests in the McKinley quartz mine at the O'Neal ranch.

Charlie Bloom and Al Woolfolk have taken the contract to fall the timber on the D. H. Hutchinson place, where now you can hear the hum of the saw and the ring of the ax.

Mrs. Mary J. Erann has returned home, after a two months' visit with friends and relatives in Sacramento and Vallejo. Her son, Ernest, who has been in San Francisco for some time past, accompanied her.

Misses Marguerite Schillings and Jessie Brown went to Sutter Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Jones took their departure on Saturday's stage for their future home in Point Richmond. May success be theirs.

## JEZEBEL.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature of  
*Dr. J. C. Williams*

Saturday  
Special Sale

EXTRA GIRLS SATURDAY

## BIG BARGAINS

## Ladies' Summer Vests

Just what you are going to want in the next few weeks, and Saturday is the day to save money. Don't wait, for you will not get these prices on this line again. One day only.

## Look! Read!

Ladies' knit vest, for - 3c  
Not over 6 sold to any one person

Ladies' good knit vest, regular 15c, for - 9c

Ladies' good knit vest, regular 20c, for - 12c

Ladies' good knit vest, regular 25c, for - 19c

Ladies' silk lile, black or cream, 75c, for - 39c

Ladies' knit pants, good, regular 25c, for - 19c

Ladies' knit pants, good, regular 50c, for - 39c

Misses and Child's vest, every one taped, and best grade, regular 15c to 25c, for - 7c

## Extra 9c Drive

Our 12½c French Gingham put out on sale for one day, Saturday, for 9c. We want to give you a big day, and good bargains, so come out and get some bargains. One day only.

## Extra Drive for Men

## SHIRT DAY

Saturday will be a big day in the shirt line. Our entire stock of shirts cut one-half, or about; not old stock but good new goods, guaranteed to fit and wear, and best of all not to fade when washed. See our window for prices. Don't miss this sale.

Men's dress shirt; regular 50c shirt, for - 35c

Men's dress shirt; regular 75c shirt, for - 40c

Men's dress shirt; regular \$1.00 shirt, for - 75c

Men's dress shirt; regular \$1.25 shirt, for - 80c

Men's dress shirt; regular \$1.50 shirt, for \$1.00

Men's dress shirt; regular \$1.75 shirt, for \$1.15

Men's dress shirt; regular \$2.00 shirt, for \$1.25

## .....Concert.....

Do not fail to attend our concerts, held every Saturday evening. First-class music.

## JACKSON SHOE STORE

Regulators of low prices.

## Will Do General Blacksmithing.

L. Costa, the well known horseshoer, wishes to inform teamsters and others that after March 1st he will be prepared to do general blacksmithing, in addition to horseshoeing, to which he has confined his business so far. He has secured the services of a good general mechanic, and persons entrusting any work in his hands may depend upon getting the same done promptly and at reasonable rates. Call on him when you want blacksmithing of any kind.

## That Tickling in the Throat.

One minute after taking One Minute Cough Cure that tickling in the throat is gone. It acts in the throat—not the stomach. Harmless—good for children. A. L. Spofford, postmaster at Chester, Mich., says: "Our little girl was unconscious from strangulation during a sudden and terrible attack of croup. Three doses of One Minute Cough Cure half an hour apart speedily cured her. I cannot praise One Minute Cough Cure too much for what it has done in our family." It always gives relief. Sold by all druggists.

## THE RAILROAD PROPOSITION.

Citizens of Jackson Do Not Favor Subsidizing Railroad

The proposition as presented by the magnates of the Ione and Eastern Railroad to demand \$20,000 in money and right of way and depot site for each of the towns of Jackson and Sutter Creek as the price of building the road to those towns, as stated by the Ledger of last week, was strictly correct. That was the shape in which the matter was first placed before the citizens. The people did not take kindly to the invitation. Indeed, a hue and cry instantly went up against listening to any such proposal. The following day, Saturday, the plan was somewhat modified. It was then intimated that if Jackson people would take up the bonds of the company to the tune of \$100,000, at 5 per cent discount on par value, the company would agree to bring the road into town. Of course this was to be in addition to providing depot site and right of way from the Oneida. This modification met with no more favor than the original proposition. The truth is the road was engineered from the start that local capitalists would not be asked to subscribe for stock or bonds; they were ignored in the matter; there was plenty of money on the outside to be had, and the road would be built and equipped and owned by the promoters and outsiders interested in the scheme. This was perfectly agreeable to the business community generally. It was an immaterial matter how or by whom the enterprise was carried out; so long as the road was built to the towns designated in the application for franchise the people were fully satisfied. True, the survey of the line to Martell's only, and the contract for building extending only to that point, was regarded as misty, but this was explained that it meant nothing more than that the road was to be built in sections. After reaching Martell's, survey and construction work would be prosecuted to the two towns without delay, and on the same basis as the other portion of the line had been constructed—namely, without help from the citizens. The investors were after business, and would be fully satisfied if they corralled all the traffic between Ione and the mining towns; that would sufficiently repay them for the outlay. Such was the attitude of the promoters from the start. It, therefore, was a serious let-down when the \$20,000 bonus was sprung. The feeling is decidedly hostile. We have not heard one voice raised in favor of contributing in the way proposed. The furnishing of a reasonable depot site—not such an extensive tract as proposed, which is between 11 and 12 acres—and the securing of the right of way from Oneida, is not considered unreasonable. Beyond this, however, there is little disposition at present to yield.

## Contested Homestead.

The case of H. F. Vogt vs. T. Beauchemin, involving a contest between the agricultural and mineral claimants of a tract of land on the Mokelumne river, in the vicinity of Electra, came up for hearing before the Sacramento land office last week. Beauchemin proved up on his homestead over two years ago. Vogt at that time filed a protest, alleging that the land was mineral in character, and that it included a portion of two mining claims held by him. There was some doubt whether there was any conflict, in the absence of a definite survey, and so the papers went on to Washington. The Washington authorities held that the fact of conflict must be first established. A survey was made and it was found, so it is claimed, that the homestead did actually include the greater part of two mining claims of record. Hence the hearing to determine the mineral or non-mineral character of the land. J. W. Caldwell represented the contestant, Vogt, who appeared with several other witnesses. Silas Penry was attorney for the homestead claimant. After hearing a portion of the contestant's case, that side was brought to a halt through inability to furnish further fees for taking testimony, and as far as that side was concerned the hearing was continued. The homesteader then put in the whole of his testimony. The case is therefore hung up, until such time as the contestant is prepared to put in the balance of his testimony, which consists of two or three witnesses.

## VOLCANO.

VOLCANO, Feb. 22.

Mr. Lewis, better known as Hooligan, went to Jackson this week to install a gold saving plant similar to the one now in operation at Grillo Bro's gravel mine, Volcano Hill.

James Hanley and Emmet Gillick are running off a lot of gravel, from which they expect to secure a liberal quantity of yellow stuff.

Baroni & Co. are getting all the lava stripped from their claim, and are getting into the gravel. They expect to reap a rich harvest in nuggets and fine gold.

Charlie Gillick and Wilbur Murphy are prospecting at the China graveyard. We wish them luck.

The dance given in Armory hall was a social and financial success. John Harker's orchestra furnished the music.

Volcano boasts of a new restaurant, not exactly in town but in its suburbs. It is a quick order house. I have not had the price to patronize this eating-house. I understand one must furnish a fowl, a bottle or a ham, along with an invitation, to get on the inside. If the neighbors do not keep their henneries too tightly locked or closely guarded I may be able to secure the price of admission, and if I can rustle an invitation I can probably let you know next week what the inside of this establishment is like.

Prof. Davis, our school teacher, wields the rod of correction with a powerful arm. He landed on several of "us fellers" last week, but with all his faults we love him still. KNOCKO.

When you wish the finest flavored coffees and teas, remember that W. J. Nettle keeps only the best.

## LEVI STRAUSS &amp; CO.



## Furnishing Official Bonds.

County treasurer Gritton put in a claim before the board of supervisors at the last meeting for \$120 for premium for official bonds furnished by one of the guarantee companies engaged in that business. The claim was rejected. It is said there is a law now on the statute books making a claim for official bonds a county charge. Under this law all county officers are enabled to get their bonds from a responsible company without charge to themselves. It is claimed in behalf of the law, that it is better for the county to secure protective bonds on the outside in this way, than to adhere to the practice heretofore followed of each officer traveling over the county and getting property holders of his political or party friends to the number of a score or more in some instances to go security for him. If one loss occurs the individual bondsmen stand together and resist collection through the courts. We have had instances of this kind in Amador county, and years have elapsed before the county got anything. One particular case the claim was whittled down to about 25 cents on the dollar, and finally settled on a basis of that kind. These facts are referred to in proof that the policy of having official bonds furnished by guarantee companies is in line with public interests. But why the county treasury should bear the cost is another question. The claim was repudiated in face of the law; on what plea we do not know, unless it be that the law making it a county charge was passed after the present county officers took their seats; in which case it might apply to future officials, but not to present incumbents.

## K. OF P. ANNIVERSARY.

Rathbone Lodge Celebrates the Anniversary of the Order.

One of the most enjoyable social functions that has taken place in Jackson for many years was the entertainment given last Friday evening by Rathbone Lodge No. 166, K. of P., in honor of the anniversary of the establishment of the order in America. The order had its origin in 1844—over half a century ago—and its 51st anniversary was selected by the lodge to be commemorated in fitting style by an entertainment that would live in the pleasing memories of those who participated therein. The affair took place in Odd Fellows hall. Invitations were sent broadcast over the county, and in response thereto 205 persons were assembled to witness the ceremonies, many being from Sutter Creek, Amador City, and other outside towns. The program was varied and interesting, including an address of welcome by Dr. A. M. Gall, singing of solos and duets, instrumental music, recitations, etc. After the literary exercises were through, the company repaired to the banquet room, where delicacies in profusion and variety to gratify the most epicurean appetite were spread. Toasts and responses thereto were also in order. As a wind-up of the proceedings a social dance was indulged in, which terminated an evening of unalloyed pleasure. The affair finally broke up about 3 o'clock in the morning.

## 1830 CONCERT.

Love's hall was filled to overflowing on Wednesday evening when the people who held sway in 1830 again appeared upon the stage under the auspices of the New Idea Club, and in their most ancient manner and dressed in their original 1830 costumes endeavored to entertain the modern people of Jackson. Just how well they succeeded was evinced by the thunderous applause that followed each number. Skirts with hoops, skirts without hoops, and skirts that took three pair of hoops to give them a prominent appearance were in evidence on the stage. We little wonder that the doors to the dwellings of our forefathers occupied the whole side of the house. Our grandmothers must have cut a wide swath when on dress parade. The entertainment began promptly at 8 p. m., and continued uninterruptedly until 11:15. Every number was a credit to the management. Reuben and Rachael brought down the house. Doc Caldwell must have been a beautiful id in his younger days. Miss Smith has a twinkle in her eye that may mean yes, even though she answers no. She might be only "foolin'." The five little tots in their character song were recalled, and never missed a step in the difficult march. The tableaux were all beautiful, each representing an idea originated by the New Idea Club. Mrs. Duden with her collection of wax figures scored a great hit. Each figure after being wound up would imitate some person. They really appeared like sensible people, but their mistress assured the audience that they were not. Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. Dr. Endicott for the manner in which she arranged and successfully carried out the musical part of the program. Over \$160 was taken in through sale of tickets. The club will now be able to pay all its obligations on the new church, and have money in reserve. The club will express to those who so ably assisted on the program their appreciation of services rendered in their own ideal way.

Pioneer Flour is the "Lily of the Valley," the "Pearl of Perfection."

## MINING NEWS.

JOSE GULCH.—This property at Butte City has been idle for several weeks, pending the straightening out of the title. W. E. Stewart, who has been instrumental in getting the present company to take hold of the mine, and who has the management of it, has succeeded in getting the title in proper shape. At the meeting of the directors early next month, it is believed that everything will be adjusted, and mine and mill resume operations. A run of the mill was made last month, with what output we are not informed, except that the rock is said to have more than paid expenses.

KENNEDY.—It is pleasing to report that this big mine has been on a dividend paying basis for several months. With the completion of the mill a large element in the running expense account has been dispensed with, and the era of dividends has again arrived. Several monthly dividends have been paid.

## The Staples' Case.

Little can be added to the statement made in the Ledger last week relative to this notorious case. Sheriff Norman has written to deputy Kay, saying that he would not be home for ten or twelve days. This was last Thursday, so the time will be up about the last of the month. The sheriff was then in San Diego, attending to some other business there while the papers in the Staples case were traveling through the tediously slow process of Mexican red tape. Nothing was said to account for the delay, other than the slowness of the officials of the southern republic. Business that might easily be transacted in a few hours, required as many days to complete. The sheriff would have to return from San Diego to Ensenada for his prisoners, and as the steamer pierces between these points every ten days, in the event of the extradition papers not being fixed up as anticipated, it would probably involve another stay of over a week. However, Sheriff Norman is expected to be home by the end of the month, unless something unforeseen happens. We may also say that the sheriff's trip to Mexico is on state business. The state will bear all the expenses of the extradition of the two accused persons, Dr. Staples and Mrs. Hoxie. All the negotiations are between the state of California and the Mexican authorities, and the sheriff of Amador county is the executive officer representing the state, and not merely Amador county in this transaction. The bill of costs therefore is a state and not a county charge.

## The Sunshine of Spring.

The Salvo that cures without a scar is De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Cuts, Burns, Boils, Bruises and Piles disappear before the use of this salve as snow before the sunshine of spring. Miss H. M. Middleton, Thebes, Ill., says: "I was seriously afflicted with a fever sore that was very painful. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me in less than a week." Get the genuine. Sold by all druggists.

Nothing will please an invalid as well as a package of those fancy cakes from Nettles' Mkt.

## REDLICK'S STANDARD GOODS.

See Our Announcement in the Paper

...Next Week....

SOMETHING SENSATIONAL COMING

Main **Redlick's** Jackson  
..Street.. **STANDARD GOODS** Cal.

## Won Back.

The above entitled war drama was given in Plymouth by local talent on the evening of the 18th, and is said to have been one of the most creditable performances ever witnessed on the Plymouth stage. Several of the leading characters were old-timers at the business, and they maintained their already enviable reputations. To make special mention of any particular one without mentioning all would be imprudent, for each and every one did his or her part well. The vast audience at various times were visibly affected by the thrilling scenes as portrayed by the actors. Many old veterans as well as the ladies were moved to tears. The Blue and the Gray tenting together on the old camp ground was a scene that will not soon be forgotten. The entire management was left to Dr. W. A. Norman, who by his determination and energy made failure an impossibility. Being an artist of known ability he spent days in painting special scenery for the occasion. The ladies of the Catholic church wish to extend to him their heartfelt thanks for his untiring efforts. Shields' hall was taxed to its fullest capacity to hold the seemingly myriads of people who had come from everywhere. Prominent vocalists from other towns assisted during the evening, and their efforts were greatly appreciated by all present. Over \$100 remains in the fund after all expenses have been paid.

## Bad Indeed.

Losing flesh is indeed a bad sign. Take Scott's Emulsion for it. For weak digestion, for defective nourishment, for consumption, take Scott's Emulsion. It restores flesh because it strikes to the cause of the loss.

## Killed in the Keystone.

Coroner G. M. Huberty was called to Amador City yesterday, to hold an inquest over the body of a young Italian named Batiste Gracadi, who was killed in the Keystone mine that morning. It appears the victim was working in the 500 foot level, attending chuck. A mass of rock slid from above, inflicting injuries from which he died in a short time. Another miner was working only a few feet away when the accident occurred. He was 26 years of age, a native of Italy, and leaves no relatives in this county. The jury found a verdict of accidental death, exonerating the company from all blame in the matter.

## Deserved Popularity.

To cure Constipation and Liver troubles by gently moving the bowels and acting as a tonic to the liver, take Little Early Risers. These Famous Little Pills are mild, pleasant and harmless, but effective and sure. Their universal use for many years is a strong guarantee of their popularity and usefulness. Sold by all druggists.

## Clothing, Clothing, Clothing

We have just received our Fall and Winter Clothing direct from the Union Factories. These goods are the swellest lot ever imported into Amador County. We fit all; and in sizes, quality and prices we lead. There are no equal in the make-up of these garments. One price to all. Goods guaranteed as represented.

## SHOW'S CASH STORE



